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THE DEMOCRAT

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double price.

Letters to the Editors on business connected with
the office, must be post paid, or they will not
be attended to.

(From the Cincinnati Evening Post.)

The following beautiful ode was sung at a late
meeting, to provide for missionaries in Texas.

THE LONE STAR OF TEXAS.

BY G. T. H. FORBES.

Air—"Daughter of Zion."

Lone Star of Texas! we hail thy glad rising
Above the sweet vale of the beautiful West,
And bless the brave hearts that liberty prize,
Were bared to the battle at freedom's behest.

Chorus—Lone Star of Texas! we hail thy glad rising
Above the sweet vales of the beautiful West.

Star of Jacinto! through the war-cloud streaming,
Thy sign was the beacon of hope to the brave;
Thy flash like the lightning, with vengeance gleaming,
Directed the foe to his bed in the grave.

Chorus—Lone Star of Texas! we hail thy glad rising
Above the sweet vales of the beautiful West.

Star of young Freedom! the herald of morning!
To bleed with thy beams on that lone field of blue,
The "Star in the East," the Heavens adorning,
Has blazed the azure with Calvary's hue.

Chorus—Lone Star of Texas! we hail thy glad rising
Above the sweet vales of the beautiful West.

Botchmen's Star shall encircle the ocean,
And bathe in its glories that "beautiful land,"
Shall drive from the skies the stormy commotion,
And heal the heart-wounded at Mercy's command.

Chorus—Lone Star of Texas! we hail thy glad rising
Above the sweet vales of the beautiful West.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE FORGIVEN.

BY E. C. BISHOP.

'Tis sweet to bask in the bright smile

That lighted lovely lips,

Which beams undimmed all the while,

And knoweth no eclipse.

'Tis sweet to meet the thrilling glance

Of a love-lighted eye—

To feel young passion's wild romance,

And catch its first-born sigh.

'Tis sweet to stand beside the altar

With a fair hand in thine;

And hear a love true faintly falter

The vows of auld lang syne.

'Tis sweet to know that there's one heart

Forever all thine own,

In which thy image reigns apart

Unrivaled and alone.

But sweeter far than this—than all

Besides the bliss of Heaven,

Are the pure tears of joy that fall

For sin and guilt forgiven.

When better memory's scorpion stings

Have lost their mad'ning smart,

And blest repentance gently flings

Its balm upon the heart.

Time.—The following truly beautiful extract,
we believe, is by our countryman, Paulding:

I saw a temple reared by the hands of man,
standing with its high pinnacle in the distant
plain. The storm beat upon it—the God of na-
ture hurled his thunderbolts against it, but it stood
as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls,
the gay, the happy, the young and beautiful were
there; I returned—and lo! the temple was no
more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruins; moss
and wild grass grew rankly there; and at the mid-
night hour the owl's long cry added to the deep
solitude. The young and gay who revelled there,
had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol
of his mother and the pride of his father; I re-
turned, and the child had become old. Trembling
with the weight of years, he stood the last of his
generation, a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

I saw the old oak standing in all its pride upon
the mountain—the birds were carolling upon the
boughs; I returned, and the oak was leafless and
sapless; the winds were playing at their pastimes
through its branches.

"Who is this destroyer?" said I to my guardian
angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning
And dawn every Tury."

By A. Elkin. The Tree of Liberty—May its
lofty summits reach the skies, and its proud boughs
shade Calvary, and its roots reach the earth's
centre.

By Dr. J. M. Moore. "The citizens of Ita-
ly want an angel from the throne of God come forth,
and with one foot on the sea, and one on the land,
lift up his hand towards heaven, and swear, by
Heaven's Eternal—Time is, Time was, but Time
shall be no longer."

Curious Wager.—A man with one eye laid a
wager with another man, that he—the one-eyed
person—saw more than the other. The wager
was accepted. "You have lost," says the first—
"I can see two eyes in your face, and you can
see only one in mine."—Sheffield Iris.

Duelling.—A widow in France lately lost her
son in a duel: she instantly brought suit against
his antagonist, and recovered for damages an
annuity of 800 francs for life. Commend us to
the French tribunal for its just, although novel
decision.

"O, Capin Clifford! are your company ready?"
"Yes, Kernel, they is."

Capture of Major Andre.—We took him into
the bushes," said Williams, "and ordered him to
pull off his clothes, which he did; but on searching
him narrowly we could not find any sort of writing.
We told him to pull off his boots, which he seemed
to be indifferent about; but we got one boot off,
and searched in that boot, and could find nothing. But
we found there were some papers in the bottom of
his stocking next to his foot, on which we made him
pull off his stocking, and found three papers wrapped
up. Mr. Paulding looked at the contents, and
said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his
other boot, and there we found three more papers at
the bottom of his foot, within his stocking.

Upon this we made him dress himself, and I asked
him what he would give us to let him go. He
said he would give us any sum of money. I asked
him whether he would give us his horse, saddle, bridle,
watch and one hundred guineas. He said, "yes,"
and told us he would direct them to any place,
even if it was that very spot, so that we could get it.
I asked him whether he would not give us more.
He said he would give us any quantity of
dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any
place we might pitch upon, so that we might get it.
Mr. Paulding answered, "No, if you would give us
ten thousand guineas, you should not stir one step."
Then asked the person who called himself John
Anderson, if he would not get away if it lay in his
power. He answered, "yes, I would." I told him
I did not intend he should. While taking him
along, we asked him a few questions, and we stopped
under a shade. He begged us not to ask him ques-
tions, and said when he came to any commander
he would reveal all.

"He was dressed in a blue overcoat, and a tight
body-coat, that was of a kind of claret color, though
a rather deeper red than claret. The buttons holes
were lined with gold tinsel, and the buttons drawn
over with the same kind of lace. He had on a
round hat, and nankeen waistcoat and breeches,
with a flannel waistcoat and drawers, boots and
thread stockings."

The nearest military post was North Castle,
where Lieut. Col. Jameson was stationed with a
part of Shelton's regiment of dragoons. To that
place it was resolved to take the prisoner, and within
a few hours he was delivered up to Jameson,
with all the papers that had been taken from his
boots.

Height of Impudence.—To go into a printing
office, to look over the compositor's shoulder and
read his copy.—*Leicester Tel.*

Ditto.—To go into an editor's room, rum-
mage among his newspapers, and look over his
shoulders to read his manuscript.—*Wheeler's*
Gaz.

Height of Honesty.—To go into a printing
office, and set your name up in some fancy job
type, and pocket it by accident.—*Id.*

Height of Justice.—To kick such rascals out
without ceremony.—*Public Ledger*

Height of Generosity.—To come into our
office, and call for a receipt for the current year's
subscription.—*Dedham Pat.*

Not to be pitied.—I do not pity a person groan-
ing under the miseries of the tooth-ache, who
has not courage enough to have the tooth ex-
tracted.

A great many of the best things said by the cele-
brated Burke were uttered in the course of these
debates, when the foolish of the time emptied the
benches at his rising. His being an Irishman, his
being of the middle order, and his being totally above
the caubine of fashionable triflers who would listen
to nothing but an epigram, could understand noth-
ing but a double entendre, often left him nearly
alone with the few necessary attendants of ministers
on the Treasury bench. On one of these nights he
was introduced, in strong terms, on some acts of the
Cabinet. George Onslow, who probably thought
that he had now some chance of distinction by grap-
pling with Burke, and showing if not his wisdom,
at least his zeal, started up and said, haughtily, that
he must call the honorable member to a sense of his
duty, and that no man should be suffered, in his pre-
sence, to insult the sovereign. Burke listened, and
when Onslow had disburdened himself of his loyalty,
gravely addressed the Speaker: "Sir, the hon-
orable member has exhibited much ardor, but little
discrimination. He should know that, however I
may reverence the King, I am not at all bound, nor
at all inclined, to extend that reverence to his min-
isters. I may honor his majesty, but, sir, I can see
no possible reason for honoring," and he glanced
round the Treasury bench, "his majesty's man servant
and maid servant, his ox and his ass?"

Bowie Knives.—The Legislature of Alabama
have passed a law providing that if any person
with a Bowie Knife, "Arkansas tooth pick," or any
weapon resembling the same, shall cut or stab
another, by reason of which he dies, it shall be
adjudged murder, and the offender shall suffer
as if he killing had been by malice aforethought.
The act also imposes a penalty for the sale of
such weapons.

Fatal Duel.—Julius Vain, one of the most influ-
ential and respectable merchants of New
Orleans, fell in a duel on the 29th ult. The
name of his antagonist is not given in the papers.
As usual the circumstances which led to the fatal
meeting were trivial. Mr. Vain was formerly
connected with the house of Vain & Reel, St. Louis.

"Comparisons are odorous."—The London
New Monthly Magazine calls Jim Crow "an ex-
otic of rare and delicate flavor." Whew!—dat
smellen bottle Miss Dinah.

I do not pity a beggar who lost his money by
gambling.

I do not pity a man who has failed in business
in consequence of his own neglect and extrava-
gance.

American Character.—"We are born in a hur-
ry," says an American writer, "we are educated
at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of
a wand, and lose it in like manner, to remake and
relose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is
locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our
spirit a high pressure engine; our life resembles a
shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric
stroke."

Economy.—A neighbor of ours, says the Yeo-
man's Gazette, informs us that wood goes fur-
ther, when left out of doors, than when well
housed; some of his having gone upwards of a
quarter of a mile in one night!

"Hallo, Master!" exclaimed John, according
Hodge, who was traversing the road in a snail's
gallop, whither are you bound, good fellow?"

"To eternity, darn you."

"Humph!" said the wag, "I fear it will all be
over before you get there."

The lonely Cottager.—A pious cottager re-
siding in the centre of a long and dreary beach,
being asked by a Christian visitor, "Are you not
sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, espe-
cially in winter?" He replied, "Oh, no! for
faith shuts the door at night, and mercy opens
it in the morning."

THE YELLOW FEVER IN NEW-ORLEANS.

Yellow Jack, as the New-Orleans editors call the
fever, is alarmingly prevalent in that city. The
steam-boats hurry away from the levee and bring
up alarming accounts. The newspapers admit a
deadly mortality, and express sincere regret at the
arrival of strangers. One editor, Mr. Ennis, of the
Rambler, has deceased, and some of the printing of-
fices are seriously incommoded for want of work-
men—many of their hands being sick. In Potter's
field burying ground as many as twenty dead bod-
ies have been seen lying unburied for twelve hours
under the burning sun, for want of hands to bury
them. It may well be imagined what a mass of
corruption these bodies must present—and when
these putrid remains of yellow fever are interred,
they are scarcely covered with earth, and the whole
atmosphere in the vicinity of this abominable grave-
yard must be loathsome in the extreme. The fol-
lowing is a passage extracted from a petition for a
new "City of the Dead," signed by a large number
of the most respectable citizens of New-Orleans:
"It has long been the apprehension of our city, that
we have deposited our dead in frail and lasthouse
vaults above ground, or beneath a shallow covering
of mud in a dismal marsh; which nobody would
visit but from necessity, and where corpses have
been heaped upon each other with a cold calculat-
ing parsimony disrespectful to the memory of our
departed friends and shocking to the sensibilities of
the living, as well as injurious to their health."

Free Trader.

THE SLANDERER OF WOMAN.

The form, bearing the faintest resemblance to
man, that should presume to breathe the taint of
suspicion on the fame of unprotected and defence-
less loveliness, in the absence of any thing in the
shape of proof, is almost too mean an image of
what a man should be, to merit notice. The
horse whiplow would loathe to come in contact with
such a hide, and begrudge the notoriety which it
gave to the smoking, reeking and staggering
coward who should bear the "blushing honors
thick upon him" of having, in a mean and dastard
spirit, of which the internal regions might be
ashamed, breathed out the vile suspicions and en-
genderings of his villainous heart upon the reputa-
tion of those whose sex, accomplishments and
virtue should be—at least a panoply of defence, if
they were not the elements of esteem, admiration
and love. Woman is the treasure and the jewel
of man. Her reputation is as the mountain snow
—it will not bear the breath of calumny without
loss—and he who inflicts that loss, without cause,
robs her of that which enriches him not, while it
makes her poor indeed!

Out upon the wretch who shall presume upon
his sex to breathe the half-uttered suspicion—the
silly insinuation—the hint of foolishness, upon the
purest second intellectual creation of God! Who
that remembers his own mother was a woman—
his sisters—his wife—will basely and with a
wantoneess that should send a thrill of indigna-
tion through the gallant and chivalrous feelings of
the American community, dare to impugn the
characters of those whom he knows not, and to
whose acquaintance he is not worthy to aspire!

Id.

Ingenious.—Mr. H. C. Spier, we are infor-
mally the Philadelphia Ledger, has invented a
Lock which cannot be picked or opened with a
false instrument, and any attempt to do so is ex-
posed.

The apparatus for this detection is a bar, gov-
erned by a spring at each end, and lifted by a
set of tumblers at the other, governed by the key.
If either of those tumblers be overthrown in the
slightest degree, the detector is overthrown also,
catches in the bolt, and prevents it from being
thrown back; and thus the door is made perfectly
fast. Nothing but the proper key, which is very
complicated in words, and fitting with the nicest
accuracy, will restore the detector to its proper
place, and enable the door to be unlocked.

Do you know what charity is? forgive if you
bear ill, and pay what you owe.

Dissembled holiness is double iniquity.
Death has nothing terrible in it, but what life
hath made so.

Wholesome Advice.—The Salisbury Herald,
England, gives the following:

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the ticking of a
clock, do this for one hour, and you will be glad
to pull off your coat the next and work like a ne-
gro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to
the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and
wretched inmates of a goal, and you will be con-
vinced.

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn
Must be content to be forlorn.

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go into the church-
yard and read the grave stones, they will tell you
the end of ambition. The grave will soon be
your bed chamber, the earth your pillow, corrup-
tion your father, and the worm your mother and
your sister.

For a Fit of Repining.—Look out for the halt,
and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and af-
flicted and deranged; and they will make you asham-
ed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

A federalist in Vermont, in writing to a politi-
cal friend about the approaching election there
says—

"Every man must come to the help of his
country, we are lost, and I SHALL NOT BE
SHERIFF AGAIN!"

"Will you lend father your newspaper sir? he
only just wants to read it?"

"Yes, my boy, and ask him to lend me his
dinner; I only just want to eat it!"

There is no better antidote for hard times and
disappointment in business than a cheerful face
and a hearty welcome at home as without them
all the wealth of Peru cannot confer happiness so
with them the deepest poverty cannot take it away.
A man may be fretted and worried, crossed in
business nay ruined if you please and a single
glance of kindness from the woman that he loves
and the children that he dotes on will drive away
care and make him as happy at heart, as if mil-
lions were at his command, and worldly friends
as plenty as blackberries.

Borrowing.—We have often frowned when
the following question has been put to us by the
newspaper borrowing gent: "Will you lend me
your last paper? I only want to read it." Now
what in creation do such folks think that news-
paper are printed for except to read—and if they
want to read, why don't they pay for them, and
thus remunerate the printer? A man might
with the same propriety go to a baker, and say
"Sir won't you lend me a loaf of bread? I only
want to eat it."

A Bull.—A Quack doctor who had invented
a remedy for sore eyes headed his advertisement
"Let every blind man look at this."—Boston
Starman.

From the York (Pa.) Republican.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

We were shown on Saturday last a letter ad-
dressed to a late citizen of this borough by an
individual residing in the nation of the Choctaw
Indians. The writer says that some years ago
he was a journeyman workman in the Hat man-
ufactory of the person to whom the letter was
written, and that he then when in want of money
purloined and sold for his benefit, a hat and two
"bodies" belonging to the owner of the shop.—
He states that since that time he has become
convinced of the error of his ways and made a
profession of religion; and he enclosed in his let-
ter a five dollar note of the United States Bank
to pay the injured party for the loss sustained by
his dishonesty. The name of the writer is not
subscribed; but he can now enjoy the proud
consciousness of having atoned for his fault and
exemplified one of the highest attributes of hu-
manity, though his late employer has gone down
to the grave. The entire circumstance illus-
trates the truth of the poet's declaration that,
"Still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through God's silence and o'er glory's din.
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

THE QUEEN.—Among other anecdotes which
are in circulation, illustrative of the nobleness of
mind and kindness of heart of our youthful sov-
ereign—one which we have every reason to be-
lieve—strikes us as eminently beautiful. The first
act of her Majesty's queenly life, was writing a
letter to Queen Adelaide, which breathed the
purest and tenderest feelings of affection and
confidence, and evinced a spirit of generosity and
consideration which has obtained for her Majesty
golden opinions. Her Majesty wrote that letter
spontaneously, and, having finished it, folded
and addressed it to "Her Majesty the Queen."

Some one at hand, who had a right to make a re-
mark, noticing this, mentioned that the super-
scription was not correct, for that the letter ought
to be directed to her Majesty the Queen Dowager.
"I am quite aware," said Queen Victoria,
"of Her Majesty's altered character, but will not be
the first person to remind her of it."

A young Chap.—A gentleman travelling,
found by the way side, a man he supposed to be
80 years of age weeping most bitterly. Desir-
ous to learn the cause of such immoderate grief,
he inquired of the old gentleman, why it was that
he was crying. He was informed that his father
had just been whipping him! "Your father!" ex-
claimed the astonished traveller, "is it possible
that your father is alive?" "Yes sir," said the mour-
ner, "he lives in that house pointing to a small
habitation near the road. The traveller was
anxious to see the father, and accordingly turned
into the house, where he saw and conversed with
him, expostulating with him on the absurdity of
his conduct, in whipping as old a man as his son.
The old man apologized, saying that the young
rascal had been throwing rocks at his grandfa-
ther who was at work in the garden.—*Brunswick*
Banner.

A young man of extraordinary appetite, dining
at a miser's, and observing his host's dismay,
said, "I have an hereditary good appetite, my
mother was a remarkably quick eater, and my
father would eat till he was hungry again."—"Then
I congratulate you," said the miser, "on un-
derstanding the perseverance of your father to the
despatch of your mother." The young man,
nothing daunted, said, "I like this round of beef,
one may cut and come again upon it." "You may
cut as soon as you will," said the old man,
"but hang me if you ever come again."

On being in Debt.—To be out of debt is ac-
counted a part of happiness. Debt haunts the
mind; a conversation about justice troubles it;
the sight of a creditor fills it with confusion;
even the sanctuary is not a place of refuge.—
The borrower is servant to the lender. A life at
another man's table is not to be accounted for a
life. It is mean to flatter the rich. It is humili-
ating to be the object of pity. To be the slave of
unattainable desires is to be despicable and
wretched. Independence, so essential to the
virtues and pleasures of a man—independence
can only be maintained by setting bounds to
your desires, and owing no man any thing. A
habit of boundless expense undermines and de-
stroy the virtues in a mind where they seemed
to dwell. It becomes difficult, and at last impos-
sible, to pay punctually.

When a man of sensibility thinks of the low
rate at which his word must be sold, he passes
he is little in his own eyes; but difficulties prompt
him to wrong his creditors without a blush.—
How desolate and woful does his mind appear,
now that the fence of truth is broken down!
Friendship is then dissolved.

He felt it once; he now insinuates himself by
means of sentiments and professions which were
once sincere. He seizes the moment of unsus-
pecting affection to ensnare the friends of his
youth borrowing money which he will never pay,
binding them for debts which they must hereafter
answer. At this rate he sells the virtuous pleas-
ures of loving and being loved. He swallows
up the provision of aged parents, and the portion
of sisters and brethren. The loss of truth is fol-
lowed by the loss of humanity. His calls are
still importunate, he proceeds to fraud, and
walks on precipices. Ingenuity, which, in a bet-
ter cause, might have illustrated his name, is ex-
erted to evade the law, to deceive the world, to
cover poverty with the appearance of wealth—to
sow unobserved the seeds of fraud.—*Dr. Chalmers*.

Making Money.—Perhaps there is no charac-
teristic of Americans which strikes a foreigner
more forcibly than the seriousness and unremit-
ting business manner of our countrymen. Be
he rich or poor, the American seems always ab-
sorbed in the pursuit of gain. There is scarcely
a moment when he permits himself to throw off
the shackles of occupation and to abandon him-
self to the enjoyment of leisure. He walks in a
hurry, talks in a hurry eats in a hurry, and he
had almost said sleeps in a hurry. As for pas-
times they are almost entirely unknown. If
conversation be entered into, ten to one if the
prices of stocks, land speculations, of dollars and
cents, in one form or other are the subject of it.
Go into hotels, steamboats, public coaches or
drawing rooms, the one universal, all absorbing
topic, is gain. If one goes to the theatre or to a
concert the first question asked is how many dol-
lars are in the house, and if there be an exhibi-
tion, of whatever kind the cost of its getting up
is the primary object of inquiry. Thus we go;
lives are spent in making money and when it is
gained, we die.

FEDERAL PANACEA.

The sovereign remedy proposed by the organs of
the bank for the evils which the operations of "oca
stars" of the marble palace in Chestnut Street
have brought upon the commerce and industry of
the country, throw the prescriptions of Dr Sangra-
do altogether into the shade. He proposed hot
water as a cure for "all the ills which flesh is heir to."
As human maladies are not all cured by hot water,
the absurdity was not so glaring as the insisting on
a national bank to relieve the distress which has
been obviously produced by the operations of the
Bank of the United States.

One of the principal causes of the present diffi-
culties, which exist in the commercial and financial
affairs of the country, is the gambling speculations
occasioned by the superfluity of bank paper.

The federal panacea is to create a national bank
for the purpose of making more!

Continual complaints are made that there is al-
ready too much bank capital—Governor Ruter and
his friends having made in one State, in a single
year, an increase of more than forty millions of dol-
lars.

The remedy for this plethora is to make more, by
chartering a national bank!

The banks have failed to perform their engage-
ments, notwithstanding the enormous tax they have
imposed upon the people, by way of interest upon
the vast amount of their circulation, and the paper
of the Bank of the United States and most others is
greatly depreciated; those who hold it being obliged
to pocket the loss between its market value and the
constitutional standard.

The federal panacea is a new bank!

From the general spirit of speculation engendered
by the enormous issues of the Bank of the United
States, the sober pursuits of agricultural industry
were greatly disregarded; and with an unfavorable
season in some parts of the country, resulted in a
short crop, and occasioned a loss of two or three
millions last year for the purchase of breadstuffs
abroad.

A federal bank will feed the people with paper,
and make them independent of the produce of the
soil.

Calamitous losses by fire have occurred, particu-
larly in New York, where twenty millions of prop-
erty was at once swept away.

This was occasioned for want of a federal bank
which will prevent all such evils!

The planting and mercantile interests have suf-
fered a loss of twenty millions last year, from the fall of
price in the great staple of the South, in consequence
of over-production, and the sacrifices occasioned by
sudden curtailment of credit abroad.

The federal panacea is a national bank!

A general system of over-trading, stimulated by
the over-issues of the banks, has demoralized many
of the business men in the community; broken down
the restraints of prudence in contracting engage-
ments, and changed commerce into a lottery, of
which the banks greatly outnumber the prizes.

A federal bank will regulate the heads of the mer-
chants, and enable them to think for themselves, in-
stead of depositing this duty to Mr Biddle and his vas-
sals.

In short, a NATIONAL BANK is the general
federal remedy for unfavorable seasons, fires, short
crops, gambling speculations, and every kind of ru-
inous experiment and ridiculous rehearsal.—*Globe*.

From the Pennsylvania.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

Reception of the President's Message.—Pursu-
ant to public notice, one of the most numerous
assemblages of the democrats of the city and
county of Philadelphia ever convened, met at the
County Court House, on Monday afternoon the
11th inst.

The meeting was organized by calling on the
venerable Joseph Worrell, a tried veteran in the
cause of democracy, to preside, assisted by the
following persons as vice presidents: Frederick
Stoever, John Horn, Col. John Thompson,
Charles Brown, Thomas Barnett, Dilworth
Wentz, W. W. Stratton, A. P. Eyres and